

THE
ENTERTAINING COMPANION,
OR,

Merry Songster's Delight:

BEING, A
CHOICE COLLECTION

Of all the

SONGS sung this and last Season at
both the Theatres, Sadler's Wells, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone Gardens.

BY

Mr. BEARD, Mr. LOWE, Miss BRENT, Mrs.
VINCENT, Miss WILKINSON, &c, &c.



L O N D O N:

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-1766-



The Favourite
N E W S O N G S,
 Sung in the Year, 1766.

At Ranelagh House, Vauxhall and Marybone
 Gardens, and other polite Concerts, both
 public and private.

Through the Wood Laddie.
SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn?
 Thy prefence could ease me,
 When naething can please me:
 Now dowie I figh on the bank of the burn,
 Or through the wood laddie, until thou return
 Tho' woods now are benny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleas mine eye or mine ear,
 When thro' the Wood Laddie ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell,
 I'm fash'd with their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When thro' the Wood Laddie, I wander my sell.
 Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
 When thro' the Wood Laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.



Advice

Advice to the Ladies. By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

YE nymphs and ye shepherds that join in the throng,
Pray tarry a while, and attend to my song,
The story, tho' simple, is true that I tell,
I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went t'other day, to a wake on the green,
And met with a lass, fair as beauty's gay queen,
I ask'd for a kiss, but the damsel cry'd 'no,'
And struggled and frown'd, and said, 'pray let me go.'

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis, don't be a prude,
But still she return'd, 'I'll cry out if you're rude,'
The more that I press'd her, the more she cry'd 'no,'
And struggled and frown'd, and said, 'pray let me go.'

I found no entreaties would make her comply,
Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas fye, Colin, fye;
So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife,
And now I am welcome to kiss her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a kiss;
Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
For that's the best way to make sure of your man.

The Thrush. By Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.

SWEET Thrush, that makes the vernal year,
Sweeter than Flora can appear:
As philomel attends thy lay,
She envies the return of day,
The tuneful lyre and swelling flute,
At thy rich warbling shall be mute:
Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay,
Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark! how the blackbird wooes his love,
The skill'd musicians of the grove;
On thorn, as perch'd, he nobly sings,
A cadence for the ear of kings:
Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
A virginal to hail a queen,
Nature's music thus improves,
All the graces and the loves,

Patty of the Mill. By Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill;
 Much fairer than the lilly blows,
 More lovely than the blushing rose,
 Is Patty of the mill.

The neighb'ring swains her beauty fir'd,
 With wonder struck, they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill:
 Each strove with all his rustic art,
 To sooth and charm the honest heart,
 Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move,
 A fixed heart more true to love,
 Than turtles when they bill;
 A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
 And sweet content smiles in the face,
 Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
 Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
 And guards it from all ill:
 Ye fair for ever constant prove,
 Be ever kind, be true to love,
 Like Patty of the mill.

The Confession. By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
 I met with young Phœbe, who lives at the mill,
 My heart leapt with joy, at so pleasing a sight,
 For Phœbe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
 And swore the next morning I'd make her my bride,
 In anger she said, get you out of my sight,
 And go to your Phillis, you met here last night.

Surpriz'd! I reply'd, pray explain what you mean,
 I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen,
 Nor can I conceive what my Phœbe is at,
 O can't you, she cry'd, well I love you for that.

Say, did you not meet her last night on this spot,
 O Colin, O Colin, you can't have forgot:
 I heard the whole story this morning from Mat;
 You still may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis

'Tis false, I reply'd, dearest Phœbe, believe,
 For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive,
 You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
 And sure, my dear charmer, must hate him for that.

Come, come, then she cry'd, if you mean to be kind
 I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind,
 Transported, I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat,
 I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

O Fye for Shame. By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

AS thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray,
 I met young Phillis on her way,
 I flew like light'ning to her arms,
 And gaz'd in rapture on her charms;
 Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame!

With eager haste I stole a kiss,
 Which blushing Phillis took amiss;
 She push'd me from her with a frown,
 And call'd me bold presuming clown:
 While I confess'd myself to blame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

In tender sighs I told my love,
 And pledg'd my faith on things above,
 But she like all her sex was shy,
 And tho' I swore would not comply:
 Yet I perceiv'd she met my flame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

When I this saw, I quickly cry'd,
 Will lovely Phillis be a bride;
 But hark! I hear the tinkling bell,
 To church let's go, it pleas'd her well:
 And soon a kind compliance came,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

Now Hymen's bands have made us one,
 The joys we taste to few are known;
 No jealous fears our bosoms move,
 For constant each, we truly love:
 She now declares I'm not to blame,
 Nor longer cries, O fye for shame.

The Lilly of the Vale. By Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

THE fragrant lilly of the vale,
 So elegantly fair;
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
 To Chloë I compare:
 What tho' on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide;
 Its sweetness far outvies the rose,
 That flaunts with so much pride.
 The costly tulip owes its hue,
 To many a gaudy stain,
 In this we view the virgin white,
 Of innocence remain:
 See how the curious flow'rists hand,
 Uprears its humble head,
 And to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed.
 There, while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace,
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face;
 But pray, my Chloë, now observe,
 The inference of my tale,
 May I the flow'r be, and thou,
 My lilly of the vale.

The Advice. By Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.

THE winter its desolate train,
 Of frost and of tempest may bring;
 Yet Flora steps forward again,
 And nature revives in the spring;
 Tho' the sun in his glory's decreas'd,
 Of his beams in the ev'ning is shorn;
 Yet he rises with joy in the east,
 And repairs them again in the morn.
 But what can youth's sunshine recall,
 Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
 When its leaves are beginning to fall,
 It dies and is heard of no more:
 The spring-time of love then employ,
 'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,
 For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,
 And his season will never return.

The

The British Fair. By Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.

PHOEBUS meaner themes disdain,
 To the lyrist's call repair;
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British Fair.
 Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to share,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 Till commanded by the fair.
 All the works of worth or merit,
 Which the sons of art prepare,
 Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the fair.
 Reason is as weak as passion,
 But if you for truth declare,
 Worth and manhood are the fashion,
 Favour'd with the British Fair.

The Rover reclaimed. By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

I Rambled about a twelvemonth I vow,
 In search of a damsel for life;
 For roving perplext me, I could not tell how,
 So I ventur'd at last on a wife.
 The girls of the town, each rake must well know,
 Imbitter the pleasures of life;
 For evils on evils will constantly flow,
 And make us all wish for a wife.
 A mistress, 'tis true, that's youthful and gay,
 May sweeten the troubles of life;
 And while she is constant, drive sorrow away,
 But what is all this to a wife?
 In wedlock alone true pleasure we find,
 To gild the rough passage thro' life;
 Then chuse out a lass with a delicate mind,
 And make the dear charmer a wife.
 And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man,
 Who offers to bless you for life;
 Be constant and true, and as fond as you can,
 For these are the charms of a wife.

The Knife Grinder.

THERE'S Grinders enough sir, of e'ery degree,
From jewel deck'd great, to low poverty,
From jewel, &c.

What ever the station it sharpens the sense,
And the wheel goes round to wind in the pence.
Whatever the station, &c.

Master Grinders enough at the helm you will find,
Tho' I'm but a Journeyman, Knives to grind.

Whatever the statesman, may think of himself,
He turns Fortune's Wheel in pursuit of the pelf,
He grinds back and edge sir's, his ends to obtain,
And his country may starve, his sole view is but gain.
Master Grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor is a saying of old,
The Merchant, the Tradesman, we need not be told,
Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian, you be,
There's Grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.
Master Grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated declares,
The curtain he'll draw and display the state player's,
He is a strange Grinder, to some 'tis well known,
And they're mighty gall'd by the grit of the stone.
Master Grinders, &c.

I too am a Grinder, but what sir of tha',
I am but in taste, since I copy the great,
To be sirs ingenious I'll tell you my mind,
'Tis what I can get makes me willing to grind.
Master Grinders, &c.

Fair Laura. Sung by Mr. Gilson.

WHen lately I offer'd fair Laura a kiss,
She flew'd and she flouted and took it amiss,
Begone, you great booby, she cry'd with a frown,
Do you think that I want to be kiss'd by a clown.

Thus spoke the proud charmer, and view'd me all round,
With an eye of disdain, and thrice spit on the ground,
Then mimick'd my voice with satirical sneer,
And sent me away with a flea in my ear.

The girls of the village, if they had their wills,
Would kiss me, and press me, to stay on the hills;
They say that I'm fair, but this minx of the town,
Refus'd my sweet kisses, and call'd me a clown.

Sure,

Sure, sure she forgot, or perhaps did not know,
That Bacchus fed herds in the valley below;
That beauty's fair queen fell in love with a swain,
And help'd him his cattle to tend on the plain.

Yet Laura disdains me, nor lists to my vow,
Say, is she more lovely, than Venus I'd know?
May she never find sweet hearts in city or plain,
But lie always a'one, yet still wishing in vain.

Shall I, wasting in despair. Sung by Mr. Gilson.

S HALL I wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
Because another's blooming are.

Blooming as the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she thinks not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move,
Me to perish for her love;
Or her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own:
But she meeker, kinder than,
The turtle dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair,
If she loves me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me, when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go,
If she be not made for me,
What care I for whom she be.

A New S O N G.

G E N T L E youth O tell me why,
Tears are starting from my eyes,
When each night from you I part,
Why the sigh that rends my heart,
Gentle youth, O tell me true,
If it is the same with you.

Tell me when the appointed hour,
Calls us to the secret bower,

Sighing, trembling, e'er I run,
Early as the rising sun.

Gentle youth, &c.

Tell that hearts, for hearts were made,
And love for love is only paid,
That music thou'd in sound convey,
What dying lovers dare not say.

Gentle youth, &c.

Tell me when the pain I feel,
Pungent as the wound of steel,
When I feel the trickling smart,
Why I bless the pointed dart.

Gentle youth, &c.

Flirtilla. Sung by Mr. Gilson, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Damon perceiving Flirtilla pass by,
Like light'ning to kiss her he flew,
But she with a struggle and frown made reply,
I vow I'll cry out if you do.

For shou'd my mamma, who is in the next room,
But hear you she'll cause you to rue,
She'll forbid you the house, then do not presume,
I vow I'll cry out if you do.

But Damon was not to be terrify'd so,
All women lov'd kissing he knew,
When he offer'd again, 'twas pray let me go,
I vow I'll cry out if you do.

The youth by resistance was still more inflam'd,
And kisses he stole not a few,
This rudeness forbear, Sir, she softly reply'd,
I vow I'll cry out if you do.

Thus flush'd with success, like a woman at whist,
The resolute youth bolder grew ;
But still she made answer, I will not be kiss'd,
I vow I'll cry out if you do.

Then Damon resolv'd his last efforts to strike,
And soon made the dam'el come too :
She sigh'd and reply'd, you may take what you like,
I will not cry out if you do.

The Milk Maid. Sung at Sadler's Wells.

Coming home with my milk, the young 'squire I met,
 Says he, Polly, love set down your pails,
 I have long been a kiss or two, child in your debt,
 If I pay you, you must not tell tales.
 T'oblige him and cause that I woud'nt be cross,
 I presently quitted my pails;
 He pull'd me down gently on a bed of green moss,
 And kiss'd me,——I shoudn't tell tales.
 I strove to get up, but he still kept me down,
 I beg'd to go home with my pails,
 He vow'd to such pitch his fond passions was grown,
 He'd wed——but I must not tell tales.
 So gently he woo'd, and so warmly he prest,
 That I little more thought of my pails;
 Till beyond all escaping I found him possest,
 Of my heart——but I shoudn't tell tales.
 He solemnly swore that he'd make me his wife,
 And ease me the carriage of pails;
 If he don't, why as sure as a muscle has life,
 I'm silent——there's one will tell tales.

Dear Willy. By Miss Davis, at Marybone Gardens.

Long time I despair'd a young shepherd to find,
 Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind,
 But at last I have found a dear lad to my mind;
 Oh! I never can part with my Willy.

We hy'd to the altar last midsummer day,
 I blush'd all the while and scarce knew what to say:
 But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey,
 Can I do any less by my Willy?

His Breath is as fragrant as fresh morning air,
 His face than the rose is more ruddy I swear,
 And his kisses as sweet, oh! beyond all compare,
 There is not such a lad as my Willy.

With him none pretends for to pipe or to play,
 And what tender soft things does the shepherd not say,
 With ease I am sure he may steal hearts away,
 But I'll never distrust my dear Willy.

When droop'd all in pain, and I hung down my head,
 How kindly he watch'd me, what tears has he shed,
 He ne'er left me a moment 'till sickness was fled,
 Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy?

Shou'd

Shou'd death from my sight tear the shepherd so true,
 Let him take (if he chuses) then me away too;
 For why shou'd I tarry, or what could I do,
 Shou'd I lose such a lad as my Willy?

DAMON and PHILLIS, a Pastoral Dialogue.

Damon.

HOW fierce is the sun, haste Phillis, let's run,
 To shelter a while in the grove,
 Young Cupid reigns there, and I'll please thee my fair,
 By telling thee stories of love.

Phillis.

I tell you, young swain, you attack me in vain,
 Too fatal the going might prove,
 For many a poor maid, has there been betray'd,
 By list'ning to stories of love.

Damon.

When passion's sincere, there's no danger to fear,
 The spring-tide of beauty improve;
 Nor let it be said, Phillis died an old maid,
 Averse to the raptures of love.

Phillis.

To hear the soft sigh, see the soul-speaking eye,
 A nymph can't perhaps disapprove,
 It may flatter her pride, but if reason's her guide,
 She makes honour attendant on love.

Damon.

'Tis with honour I burn, yet for mutual return,
 With Phillis how vainly I've strove,
 See our flocks how they join, 'tis an omen divine,
 Portending compliance and love.

Phillis.

O Damon, I find, my poor heart seems inclin'd,
 The test of your passion to prove,

Damon.

Then be Hymen our guide, be the nuptial knot ty'd,
 And let wedlock give sanction to love.
 When love's gentle fire, enkindles desire,
 Suppresses the wild maxim to rove,
 Let the nymph and the youth, plight their honour and truth,
 And be happy in virtue and love.

Really,

Really, not I.

LAST week as I rambled along the gay mead,
With a book in my hand, which I open'd to read,
Just as I began lovely Sally came by,
Who fairer than Venus appear'd in my eye.

Good morrow, fair maiden, I to her did say,
Will you please to sit down by me on the new hay,
She answer'd me truly, don't think I'll comply,
To sit down with you Colin,—Really, not I.

Lord, Sally, says I, do not look at me thus,
But hold up your chin, love, and give me a buss,
Yes, too be sure, silly clown, she did cry,
Thank my stars, I'm no fool yet,—No, really, not I.

I begged her pardon, but hop'd that she'd stay,
And listen a moment to what I shou'd say,
It was that I lov'd her,—says she Colin, fye,
I'll hear no more from you, Sir,—Really, not I.

Dear Sally, says I, why d'ye always repeat,
No, Really, not I—such nonsense as that:
I beg you would alter to Colin I love,
No shepherd but you, by the powers above.

I then hinted marriage, and ask'd if for life,
My partner she'd be, and I'd make her my wife,
To this she agreed, and thus did reply,
Now Colin I love thee, and will till I die.

The FAN, a New Song.

FOR various uses serves the fan,
As thus—a decent blind,
Between the sticks to creep at man,
Nor yet betray you to him.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Resentment's in the snap:
A frown expresses strong disdain,
Consent, a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shews
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's scepter, first design'd,
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind,
Are govern'd by a toy.

The

The Invitation. By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

COME, Laura, and meet your fond swain,
 E're Phœbus declines to the west,
 Nor let me still languish in pain,
 Your presence alone makes me blest:
 When absent no pleasure I feel,
 My passions but sicken and die,
 No power my tortures can heal,
 Unless my dear Laura is by.

Then haste to yon jessamine grove,
 Enjoy what no language can tell;
 'Tis the seat of contentment and love,
 Where peace and tranquillity dwell:
 There Cupid our hearts shall unite,
 There Hymen his altar shall raise,
 The muses sweet songs shall indite,
 And charm the whole grove with their lays.

O think with such pleasures as these,
 How time will glide swiftly away,
 Each striving the other to please,
 Dull winter shall smile as the May:
 No happiness either will taste,
 But what we both jointly approve,
 Then hither, dear charmer, O haste,
 And bless a fond swain with your love.

A new Truce with BACCHUS and VENUS.

By Mr. Lowe, at Marybone Gardens.

MYSELF between Venus and Bacchus I'll poise,
 And 'twixt their two scales fix my balance of joys;
 'Tis true, they both have their charms when apart,
 But bended, they double the heat of my heart.

With rage on his brow, and contempt in his eye,
 Bacchus throws down his closter and gives me the lye.
 No female, says he, shall partake of my throne,
 A rival I hate, and I'll govern alone.

Dear Venus in turn her dominion maintains,
 Asserts her controul o'er the nymphs and the swains,
 Upbraid me for kneeling at Bacchus's shrine,
 And strictly forbids me the juice of the wine.

One scolds me, because I am fond of the bowl,
 The other, 'cause woman shares half of my soul,
 I boldly declare, for all projects I've try'd,
 No mortal his pastime can better divide,

Why

Why then let 'em wrangle, what is it to me?
 I warrant my conduct shall make 'em agree;
 As one to prefer to the other I'm loth,
 I'll love, and I'll drink, and be pleasing to both.

A favourite CANTATA,

Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

O Damon, still you strive in vain,
 Clarinda's fix'd resolve to move:
 My heart, alas! may feel the pain,
 But justly scorns the guilt of love.

A I R.

Is this, ye powers, this boasted flame?
 O say, is this his only end?
 And can his love destroy his fame,
 His truth and honour should defend,
 O for a thought so meanly base,
 Th' ungenerous youth shall surely find,
 The heart that could admire his face,
 Can still detest him for his mind.

Let me A L O N E.

Sung by Mr. Cooke, at Sadler's Wells.

A S I was a walking to Chelsea one day,
 I met with a pretty young girl by the way,
 I ask'd to salute her, but this was her tone,
 Why can't you be easy, and let me alone.

I told her my name was young amorous James,
 And I call'd her a thousand fine delicate names,
 I told her, her heart was as cold as a stone,
 No matter Sir, says she, can't you let me alone.

My dear child, says I, I am not on my fun,
 If you'll go to the bun-house, I'll give you a bun,
 Quoth she, I've got money enough of my own,
 To buy half a hundred so let me alone.

Sweet creature, says I, with me you shall dine,
 At Pinchbeck's I hear he sells excellent wine:
 Besides there's the Wax-work and Dwarf to be shown,
 May be so, Sir, says she, but pray let me alone.

However I follow'd her field after field,
 Till by my persuasions I brought her to yield:
 Next day we were wed and she alter'd her tone,
 And she teazes me now if I let her alone.

A New SONG.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar was quaffing.
 Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest,
 Homer, says the celestials loves laughing;
 On each in the synnod the humorous droll'd,
 So none could his joaks disapprove,
 He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told,
 And at last then began upon Jove.
 Sir Atlas, who long had the universe bore,
 Grows grievously tir'd of late;
 He says that mankind are much worse than before,
 So begs to be eas'd of their weight:
 Jove knowing the ear'h, on poor Atlas was hurt'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter attraction, and charge of the world,
 And she hung it up high in the hall.
 Misples'd with the present, she view'd the world round,
 To see what each climate was worth,
 Like a diamond, the whole, with an Atmosphere crown'd,
 And she variously planted the earth.
 Wi h gold and rich jewels she India endow'd,
 France and Spain she taught Vineyards to rear,
 What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
 But freedom she found flourish here.
 Four cardinals virtues she left in the soil,
 As guardians to cherish the root,
 The blossoms of Liberty gaily did smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit:
 Thus fed and thus bred, from a country so rare,
 Oh! preserve it as free as it was given,
 We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in death,
 Then return it untainted to heaven.

The Maiden's Choice.

IF e'er I should learn the sweet lessons of love,
 Give ear to the person of whom I approve,
 No pedant, yet learned, not foolish yet gay,
 Or laughing, because he has nothing to say,
 To all of my sex, quite obliging and free,
 But never shew fondness to any but me,
 In publick preserve the decorum that's just,
 And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust.

But

But when the long hours of observance are past,
 And we sweetly retreat to a welcome repast,
 May ev'ry fond pleasure the moment endear,
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear:
 Forgetting and scorning the eyes of a crowd,
 He may cease to be formal and I to be proud,
 'Till lost in the joys, we confess while we live,
 And he may be rude, and I may forgive.

If that my delight may be steadfastly fixt,
 Let the friend and the lover be properly mixt,
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose counsels can guide;
 To such a dear lover as here I describe,
 No danger shou'd fright me, not millions shou'd bribe,
 But if I can't find so uncommon a swain,
 As now I am single, I'll single remain.

A New S O N G.

AS I ranged the bowers one evening in May,
 When the meadows was green, and flowers was gay,
 The black birds and thrushes in sweet harmony,
 Made the groves to ring with their melody:
 I spy'd a young damsel with sorrow oppress'd,
 I saluted her gently and beg'd the request,
 To know what it was that disturb'd her rest,
 She answer'd it was her cuckoo's nest.

This damsel's bright eyes enchanted my soul,
 Close in my arms I did her enfold,
 Beneath the green branches of a sweet myrtle shade,
 It's there I embraced this comely fair maid;
 With raptures of joy, I lean'd on her breast,
 With torrents of pleasure I then was possess'd,
 This lovely fair creature own'd herself blest,
 When she heard me discourse of her cuckoo's nest.

The lark and the linnnet in concert they song;
 With the nightingale's notes the bowers all rung,
 Down by the banks of a clear river's side,
 Whose sweet silver streams with gentleness glide,
 I charm'd this young creature and by her consent,
 We rov'd the dark groves to give her content.
 In excess of pleasure she own'd herself blest,
 That I went in search for her cuckoo's nest.

In soft rural pastime, our time we did spend,
 Till the soft dewing showers began to descend,

The sweet warbling choir had finish'd their song,
 The kids and the lambkins to rest too was gone,
 When Luna's pale face began to appear,
 Home to our cottage in haste did repair,
 Where soft golden slumbers compos'd our rest,
 In the dawn of the morn found her cuckoo's nest.

Love here is the last my pleasure departs,
 Farewell ye rocks and lonesome desarts,
 My heart bids adieu, so farewell ye plains,
 And all false lovers I will disdain :
 The pleasure of love is sweet I protest,
 To think of past pleasures I really am blest,
 Farewell you friends for I'll go to rest,
 Here is an end of your cuckoo's nest.

The Comparison, sung by Mr. Dearle.

O N pleasure's smoo'h wings how old time steals away,
 E'er love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray :
 My days, O ye swains were a round of delight,
 From the cool of the morn, to the stillness of night ;
 No care found a place in my cottage or breast,
 But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare,
 With voice or with feature, with dress or with air,
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
 That I gathered the sweets, but I miss'd of the smart :
 I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like the bee,
 But still all my song was I'll ever be free.

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield,
 If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight,
 If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night :
 With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
 And wake to new life from a rapt'rous dream.

But now since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas ! what a change ? and how wretched am I,
 Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade,
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade :
 No music I find in Philomel's strain,
 And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see,
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me,

Then

Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasions soft art,
 Or aid me by reason to ransom my heart :
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

A New S O N G.

AT the wake t'other even young Colin I met,
 He took all occasions his vows to repeat,
 With rapture my eyes and my lips he ran o'er,
 I own it was pretty, but really nothing more.

Tho' with soft expressions, his looks were endear'd,
 To his tender protesting I paid no regard,
 The falshood of swains I had heard of before,
 So I gave him a smile but indeed gave no more.

The confident shepherd encourag'd by this,
 Essay'd I assure you to ravish a kiss,
 I vow in the struggle my ruffles I tore,
 So frowning protested I'd see him no more.

Next morning I found him reclin'd on his crook,
 All softness his voice, all repentance his look,
 He entreated forgiveness a thousand times o'er,
 And vow'd and protested he'd do so no more.

The frowns and the quarrels of lovers how weak,
 For Cupid himself in his favour did speak,
 So the swain to my breast I again did restore,
 For trust me my anger could hold out no more.

No wonder dear girls that I treated him so,
 For on sunday together to church we shall go,
 Tho' to quit and forget him I often have sworn,
 Forgive me this once and I'll do so no more.

The slighted M A I D E N.

HERE's one that loves, as many others do,
 And now to my grief I bid you all adieu,
 He it rives to torment me, and does the worst he can,
 But I never will grieve for a false deluding man.

Let him go, &c.

He led me and drove me, 'till I came to love's school,
 But for to tarry there I was not such a fool,
 The doors he fast bolted thinking to keep me there,
 But the doors I broke open and then I got clear,

And

And when I had got my liberty I had reason to rejoice,
 When I love another I'll make a better choice,
 For such men as those are plenty to be found,
 And before I will have him, I'll search the world round.
 Some say he's endu'd with a great deal of wit,
 And those that enjoy it won't profit a bit,
 For if he has any he does it all save,
 To keep him when he's sold and carry him to the grave.
 Some say he courts another, but the maid he'll deceive,
 The fool does not think that for him I will grieve,
 No, no, I'll let him know that I'll go no more that way,
 To be scar'd by an owl that seldom flies by day.
 Come all you young maidens draw near unto me,
 And I will let you know how cautious you should be,
 Put half a pound of reason into a grain of sense,
 With a large sprig of thyme, and as much prudence.

A New Song, call'd the Comical Knot.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing apace,
 The rose bud beginning to blow in her face,
 For mamma's wise precepts she cares not a jot,
 Her heart pants for something she cannot tell what.
 No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
 Than among the gay youths a tyrant she reigns,
 And finding her beauty such power has got,
 Her heart pants for something but cannot tell what.
 Though all day in splendour she flaunts it about,
 At court, park and play, ridotto and rout,
 Though flatter'd and envy'd yet pines at her lot,
 Her heart pants for something but cannot tell what.
 A touch of the hand or a glance of the eye,
 From him she likes best makes her ready to die,
 Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
 Her heart pants for something but cannot tell what.
 Ye fair take advice and the best while you may,
 Each look, word and action your wishes betray,
 Give ease to the heart by the conjugal knot,
 Though they pant e'er so much, you'd soon know for what.

A New Song. Sang at Vauxhall, by Mr. Vernon.

WHEN infancy to manhood grew,
 Some beauty touch'd my heart,
 From vein to vein, love's light'ning flew,
 With painful pleasing smart,

My

My bosom sweet content forsook,
 And sooth'd the soft dejection;
 And melting sigh, the sparkling look,
 Prov'd love and sweet affection.
 Unus'd to arts that win the fair,
 What could a shepherd do?
 And to submit to sad despair,
 Was not the way to woo:
 At length I told the dearest maid,
 I hop'd she'd no objection,
 To talk, whi'e round the lambkins play'd,
 Of love and sweet affection.
 A blush my Chloe's cheeks bedeckt,
 A blush devoid of guile,
 And what from me can you expect,
 She answer'd with a smile;
 How many nymphs have been betray'd,
 Through want and calm perfection,
 Then don't my peace of mind invade,
 With love and sweet affection.
 Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
 In wedlock's bands let's join,
 My kids, my kine, my herds, my goats,
 My soul itself is thine;
 To church I led the blooming fair,
 For Hymen's soft protection,
 And now life's dearest joys we share,
 With love and sweet affection.

The Constant Swain.

ARISE thou mistress of my heart,
 And do not me disdain,
 Come now and quickly take the part,
 Of me your conquer'd swain.
 To you alone I am a slave,
 There's none on earth can cure,
 The flame that in my breast I have,
 For you I do endure.
 Come now dear nymph and ease the smart,
 Of me your conquer'd swain,
 My love for you now in my heart,
 Does constantly remain.

Now

Now we in Hymen's bands will wed,
 Our hearts united be therefore,
 In love we'll live without any dread,
 In joys for evermore.

The Rake's Resolve. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

I Have rambl'd, I own it, whole years up and down,
 And sigh'd o'er each beautiful nymph of the town,
 Such fancies have plagu'd me, that oft in my life,
 I've been ready to start at the name of a wife.
 But ashamed of my fears, that have oft broke my rest,
 And wearied with roving both cloy'd and unblest,
 I'll try to be happy the rest of my life,
 And venture, tho' late, yet at last on a wife.
 Then farewell the jilt, and the fool, and the bold,
 I'll quit you with pleasure before I grow old;
 One girl of my heart I will take to for life,
 And enough of all conscience I hold is one wife.
 I'll search the town over this fair one to find,
 Nor fickle, nor jealous, nor vain, nor unkind,
 Whose wit and good humour may hold it for life,
 And then, if she'll have me, I'll make her my wife.
 'Tis time that the follies of life had an end,
 And soon, nay this instant, I'm ready to mend,
 What wonder there'll be at so alter'd a life,
 If you're wife, you like me, will resolve on a wife.

The Haughty Maid.

WHEN nature had with blushing rose,
 The face of Cælia grac'd,
 And every feature form'd to please,
 In beauteous order plac'd.
 Proud of these vain external charms,
 She swells with scornful pride,
 Enchanted with the fading rose,
 That on her cheeks were dy'd.
 With haughty air she treads the ground,
 And flaunts it o'er the plain,
 Despising those of humbler form,
 Amongst the rural train.
 Yet why fair Cælia, should such thoughts,
 Thy tender mind employ,
 Consider soon that bloom will fade,
 Which now thou dost enjoy.

And

And know that pride in each degree,
 Is plainly to be seen,
 That all you do the same to hide,
 Can ne'er this failing screen.
 Then walk with humble decent air,
 And virtue with it join,
 Then men of merit, wit and sense,
 Will say thour't all divine.

Something New.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
 The sons of error urge their chace,
 The wondrous to pursue;
 And both in country and in town,
 The curious courtier, cit and clown,
 Sollicit something new.

The poets still from nature take,
 And what is ready-made they make,
 Historians must be true:
 How therefore shall we find a road,
 Thro' dissertation, song or ode,
 To give you something new.

They say virginity is scarce,
 As any thing in prose or verse,
 And so is honour too:
 The papers of the day imply,
 No more than that we live and die,
 And pay for something new.

We see alike the woeful dearth,
 In melancholly, or in mirth,
 Then what shall ladies do?
 Seek virtue as the immortal prize,
 In fine be honest and be wise,
 For that is something new.

A New Song, sung by Mr. Lowe.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine,
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.
 Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair,
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair,
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of some fav'rite lass.

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart;
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart;
 The miser himself so supreme is her sway,
 Grows convert to love and resigns her his key.
 At the sound of her voice, sorrow lifts up her head;
 And poverty listens well pleas'd from her sled,
 While age in an extacy hobbling along,
 Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.
 Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on the board,
 I'll fill up a brimmer and drink to the fair,
 'Tis the thirst of a lover and pledge me who dare.

A New Song, sung by Miss Plinius.

YOUNG Strephon, the artful, the dangerous swain,
 My love and esteem has attempted to gain,
 With the same wicked arts he so often had betray'd,
 He thought to seduce one more innocent maid,
 But appriz'd of his power, of my weakness aware,
 I baffled his schemes and avoided the snare,
 For virtue I love and was taught in my dawn,
 When I gather'd a rose to beware of the thorn.
 His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd,
 For his heart by those tears and those oaths he disguis'd,
 What presents he brought me I chose to decline,
 The prodigal bounty of art and design,
 He coax'd and he flatter'd, but flatter'd in vain,
 And practis'd each art on my weakness to gain,
 Protected by prudence I laugh'd him to scorn,
 Tho' I fancied the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.
 He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,
 What credulous beauties his arts had undone,
 He swore that his faith should inviolate be,
 That his heart and those fair ones were victims to me,
 But I told him those victims, that faith I despise,
 And from such examples would learn to be wise,
 That I would never prostitute virtue to scorn,
 Or smell at a rose to be hurt by a thorn.
 Was the perjur'd betrayer ashamed of his guilt,
 Was his passion on virtue not wantonness built,
 Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,
 I cou'd fancy, I own, I cou'd fancy the swain,
 But experience has taught me 'tis dangerous to trust,
 And folly to think he can ever be just,
 So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,
 Least I grasp at the rose and be hurt by the thorn.

The

The Cruel Tyrant Love,
Sung by Miss Brent, in the Opera of Artaxerxes.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love,
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O let me deceiv'd.
Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create,
What was my pride, is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.
Then call not to my wav'ring mind,
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah! I find, too much inclin'd,
To take the traitor's part.

A New SONG.

TOO lovely fair one, I confess,
The swain whom you would deign to bless,
Might sigh an age away;
In expectation of that joy,
When you no longer cold and coy,
Would all his pains allay.
Indulgent heaven has made thy form,
So soft, so perfect, and so warm,
Who gazes must adore;
But I so long in vain have try'd,
To move your heart that seat of pride,
That now I give it o'er.
For know proud fair, a cure I've found,
I'll be no longer tamely bound,
In hopeless flames to burn;
Vain maid I have shaken off your chain,
By wine a conquest I obtain,
And triumph in my turn.

A New SONG.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby nos'd sot,
Who never yet thought of treason or plot,
A good bottle that mellows the chief of my cares,
And guzzle each night till I'm carry'd up stairs.
A good bottle, &c.

D

For

For the tombs of the brave ones the wealthy and wife,
 All the news that they tell us is under he lies,
 'Tis a hint that I like not a trumpery tale,
 So I drown all the thoughts on't in flaggons of ale.

They may call me sot, blockhead, or e'en what they will,
 But if wealth, nor if titles, nor wisdom, or skill,
 Can their owners preserve from a church yard or priest,
 Why I'll live as I like it, all method's a jest.

On the lesson of nature it is that I think,
 For she taught me to love, and she taught me to drink,
 To my pleasures full power she taught me to give,
 And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money good store and spend it I must,
 Be roaring and jolly, but honest and just,
 That cold in my coffin, my landlord may say,
 He's gone and he's welcome there's nothing to pay.

A NEW SONG.

SWEET are the banks, when spring perfume,
 The verdant plants and laughing flowers,
 Fragrant the violet as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossoms after showers,
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
 That fans the golden orange grove;
 But oh! how sweeter far than these,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Ye roses blushing in your beds,
 That with your odours scent the air;
 Ye lillies chaste, with silver heads,
 As my Cleora's bosom fair:
 No more I court your balmy sweets,
 For I, and I alone can prove,
 How sweeter, wherefoe'er we meet,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught,
 Her sense, her friendship next confin'd,
 Soon to love her I was taught,
 Should fortune, stooping from her sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove,
 Yet like the turtle I should die,
 Denied the kiss of her I love.

The Casuist, Sung by Miss Davies.

WHICH is best, ye Casuist say,
To be grave, or to be gay,
Still to weep and never smile,
In the penseroso stile.

To sit moaping like a nun,
Or to frisk it in the sun,
Where the scenes of mirth are play'd,
And the glad appointments made.

If the maid avoid excess,
Better sing and dance and dress,
And indulge the calls of youth,
While she forfeits not her truth.

Rigour and severe demean,
Are not decent at sixteen,
And the character is lost,
Studied at good nature's cost.

She that meditates the most,
Is not always virtue's boast;
Nor the silent and demure,
Always peaceable and pure.

A New S O N G.

I Like the man whose soaring soul,
Is generous and refin'd,
Whose passions act beneath controul,
With love and honour join'd.
The frothy sons of vice and shew,
Like shadows and like noise,
Have nothing in themselves we know,
That sober sense enjoys.

But pure and constant love endears,
And feasts both ear and sight,
While every thing that virtue fears,
Can give no true delight.

F A N N Y's Charms.

WHAT tho' the bloom of spring is gone,
And nature feels decay,
Tho' winter now her garb puts on,
And cast's a gloom on day;

D 2

Tho'

Tho' silent stands the lazy hill,
 And mute the silvian throng,
 Yet Fanny's charms unfading still,
 Shall flourish in my song.
 Tho' now no more on sunny plains,
 The shepherds tend their care,
 And each in emulating strains,
 Forgets to praise his fair;
 Tho' unfrequented ev'ry shade,
 That catch'd the vernal breeze,
 Yet Fanny's smiles (enchanting maid!)
 Can charm me more than these.
 When spring in varied beauty drest,
 Does all its sweets disclose,
 Compare the lilly to her breast,
 And to her lips the rose,
 Her breast the lilly's white out vies,
 Tho' whitest of the vale,
 And to her lips (in Damon's eyes.)
 The reddest rose looks pale.
 No more shall flow'rs bedeck the meads,
 Or birds frequent the spray,
 Or larks forsake their dewy beds,
 And hail the dawning day,
 No more on yonder mountain's brow,
 Shall bleating lambkins rove,
 And she no more prove fair or true,
 When I forget to love.

The new Spinning Wheel.

TO ease his heart and own his flame,
 Young Jockey to my cottage came,
 But tho' I lik'd him passing weel,
 I careless turn'd my spinning wheel.
 My milk white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers long and small,
 Unusual joy my heart did feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.
 Then round about my slender waist,
 He clasp'd his arms and me embrac'd,
 To kiss my hands he down did kneel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

With

With gentle voice I bid him rise,
 He blessed then my lips and eyes,
 My fondness I could scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.
 Till bolder grown so close he press'd,
 Wanton thoughts I quickly guess'd,
 I push'd him from my rock and reel,
 And angry turn'd my spinning wheel.
 At last when I began to chide,
 He swore he meant me for his bride,
 'Twas then my love I did reveal,
 And flung away my spinning wheel.

A New Song. Sung by Mr. Andrews.

HARK the sound of the drum,
 How it beats come, come
 Each true Briton to deeds that are glorious,
 The pale Frenchmen shall fly,
 While our flag streams on high,
 For we Britons are always victorious.
 While our fam'd British bands,
 Noble Granby commands,
 On the banks of the Rhine or the Weser;
 With her laurels on high,
 Victory drops from the sky,
 And she crowns his bald head like a Cæsar.
 Of old chiefs no more talk,
 For great Pococke and Hawke
 Has eclips'd all their deeds and their wonders,
 In each climate and sea,
 The whole world must obey.
 And submit to our navy's loud thunder.
 What brave Wolfe had begun
 Gallant Amherst has done,
 And subdu'd the whole empire in glory,
 While the kings of the East,
 Are like Clive all suppress'd,
 Like a hero and rival in story.
 Now to humble proud France,
 We bold seamen advance,
 Heart and hand thus unite we so clever,
 Then my lads never fear
 For king George give a cheer,
 George the third and his navy for ever.

The Downright Lover.

BEHOLD fairest Nancy, yon garden so fair,
 So rural the arbours, so pleasant the air,
 The trees how they're clad, with a bright lovely green,
 And lovers for pleasure a walking are seen.

See the meadows and fields, with what beauty they grow,
 And the clear limpid streams, uninterruptedly flow,
 See the innocent lambs, how they chearfully play,
 While their dams on the bank, do a sun burning lay.

In the air hear the birds, with sweet warbling throats,
 All praising their maker, in the sweetest of notes,
 The lark in the morning, as soon as it's light,
 With out stretched wings, tow'rs the sky takes her flight.

The cowslips and violets adorn the green banks,
 All pleasantly growing in irregular ranks,
 Not a thing is there wanting to make it look neat,
 But you, my dear Nancy, and then 'tis compleat.

Suppose then for pleasure we just take a walk,
 Around yonders green, and let love be our talk,
 What say you my fair one, to your will I resign,
 What pleases your fancy will likewise please mine.

I would scorn to be rude, my thoughts I'd employ,
 To drive away that, which I thought would annoy,
 I am plain and downright as a lover should be,
 I hate to be flatter'd, and love to be free.

The Inconstant Fair.

HOW can you lovely Nancy, so cruelly slight,
 A swain who is wretched, when banish'd your sight,
 Who for your sake alone, thinks life worth his care,
 But which soon if you frown on must end in despair.

If you meant thus to torture, O why did your eyes,
 Once express so much softness and sweetly surprize,
 But their lustre inflam'd, I could not believe,
 As they show'd such mild influence they e'er could deceive.

But alas! like the Pilgrims bewilder'd in night,
 Who perceives a false splendor at a distance invite,
 O'erjoy'd he hastes on, pursues it and dies,
 Like ruin attends me if away Nancy flies.

Forget not the rapture you felt in my arms,
 When you called me angel and unveiled your charms,
 When you vow'd lasting love, and swore with a kiss,
 That in my embraces was center'd your bliss.

Fairest, but obdurate, consider that woe,
 Like sickness neglected will more desperate grow;
 That your heart may relent I implore the kind powers;
 Since I'm constant as your Sex, be not fickle as yours.

The Farmer's Song.

IN a sweet healthy air, on a farm of my own,
 Half a mile from a church, and just two from a town,
 Half a mile, &c.

Diversions and business I vary for ease,
 But your fine folks at London, may do as they please:
 But your fine folks, &c.

By freehold 'tis true, I'm entitled to vote,
 But because I will never be wrong if I know't,
 I'll adhere to no one till each party agrees,
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

Tho' sixty and upwards, I never knew pain,
 My goody's as ancient, yet does not complain,
 From the flocks of my own, I wear coats of warm frieze,
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er was at law in the course of my life,
 Nor injur'd a neighbour in daughter or wife,
 To the poor have lent money, but never took fees,
 But your fine folks of London, &c.

I ne'er had ambition to visit the great,
 Yet honour the king, and will stand by the state,
 By the church and dear freedom in all its degrees,
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

My fields they are fertile, my barns full of corn,
 My cellar well stor'd with good ale and a horn.
 No cares to perplex me, no dunnors to tieze,
 So when fine folks are vex'd, the Farmer has ease.

A New Song.

'TWAS underneath the may blown bush,
 Where violets bloom and sweet primroses,
 With voice melodious as the thrush,
 Young Johnny sung, collecting poesies,
 These to the breast must be convey'd,
 Of her who sways my warmest fancy,
 My tender, blushing, blooming maid,
 My smiling, mild, good natur'd Nancy.

I know

I know that some her youth will jeer;
 And call me witless oaf, or zanny,
 But I from constant heart declare,
 I never will wed except my Nanny;
 I envy those, nor pomp, nor dress,
 Nor conquest gain'd over hearts so many;
 The study of my life's to bless,
 And please my dear, my graceful Nanny.
 How much unlike my fair to those,
 Whose wanton charms are free to any,
 I'd give the world could I disclose,
 The fiftieth part the worth of Nanny;
 Let bucks and bloods, in burnt champaign,
 Toast Lucy, Charlotte, Poll and Panny,
 At nothing so absurd and vain,
 I'd smile, and clasp my blameless Nanny.

A Favourite Song. Sung by Miss Stevenson.

ATTEND ye nymphs while I impart,
 The secret wishes of my heart;
 And tell what swain if one there be,
 Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,
 Let honour all his actions guide;
 Stedfast in virtue let him be,
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,
 With pure good nature sweetly join'd;
 Sure friend to modest merit be,
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,
 Where griefs bedew the drooping eye;
 Melting in sympathy I see,
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Let sordid av'rice claim no part,
 Within his tender, gen'rous heart,
 Oh be that heart from falshood free,
 Devoted all to love and me.

F I N I S.



